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SCROLL TO OBLITERATE ALL TERRITORIAL DEMONS AND LIFT THE COVER OVER THE HEART

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A Decree for Rivers, Revival, and the Awakening of the Horizontal Floaters

Heavenly Father we come before you holy throne in the mighty name of your only begotten son

Jesus Christ, Yeshua HaMashiach our Lord and Saviour, who is come in the flesh,

who said "out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water,"

who tore the veil from top to bottom so nothing stands between His heart and ours,

who is not content with survivors and wants a bride fully awake,

we speak over the earth.

I. Against Every Territorial Demon Worldwide

In the name of Yeshua:

We come against every principality assigned to a territory on this earth.

Every demon that sits over a nation. Displaced.

Every demon that sits over a city. Displaced.

Every demon that sits over a region. Displaced.

Every demon that sits over a village. Displaced.

Every demon that sits over a street. Displaced.

Every demon that sits over a household. Displaced.

You are not landlords. You are squatters.

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.

You occupy nothing. You own nothing. You govern nothing.

And today you are served notice.

In the name of Yeshua we declare:

Every territorial spirit over Europe. Displaced.

Every territorial spirit over Africa. Displaced.

Every territorial spirit over the Americas. Displaced.

Every territorial spirit over Asia. Displaced.

Every territorial spirit over the Middle East. Displaced.

Every territorial spirit over the islands and the coastlands. Displaced.

Every territorial spirit over the oceans and the waters. Displaced.

Every prince of Persia holding up answers to prayer. Removed.

Every queen of the coast governing from the waters. Dethroned.

Every Leviathan twisting over nations. Crushed.

Every Jezebel controlling territories through governments. Thrown down.

Every Baal sitting on high places. Torn down and burned.

We do not address you one by one. We address you all at once.

Every rank. Every region. Every assignment. Every post.

Vacated. Now. By the authority of the name above every name.

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the

earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. — Psalm 2:8-9 (KJV)

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. — Psalm 24:1 (KJV)

II. Lift the Heaviness

In the name of Yeshua we command the heaviness to lift.

Not in one place. Everywhere.

The global weight that sits on humanity like a wet blanket.

The thing that makes the morning grey before the day begins.

The thing that makes hope feel naive and joy feel forced.

The thing that presses down on seven billion people simultaneously and none of them know why they're tired.

Lift.

Every spirit of heaviness over every nation. Lift.

Every spirit of despair over every city. Lift.

Every spirit of hopelessness over every home. Lift.

Every spirit of exhaustion over every believer. Lift.

Every spirit of apathy over every church. Lift.

Every spirit of slumber over every watchman. Lift.

We command the garment of heaviness stripped off the body of Christ worldwide.

And in its place we declare the garment of praise.

Not performance praise. The real kind.

The kind that rises from a chest that just had the weight removed.

The involuntary exhale of someone who can finally breathe.

Let the whole earth exhale.

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified. — Isaiah 61:3 (KJV)

III. Rivers of Living Water

In the name of Yeshua we declare the rivers of living water released.

Not a trickle through approved channels.

Not a managed stream through religious institutions.

Not a drip feed through a gatekeeper's platform.

Rivers. Plural. Uncontained. Unmanaged. Unchannelled.

Bursting through every dam the enemy built.

Flooding every dry valley Ezekiel saw.

Reaching every dry bone waiting for the breath.

We declare the river flowing through the streets of every city where the gospel has been banned from the public square.

We declare the river flowing through the homes where families are falling apart and nobody is praying.

We declare the river flowing through the schools where children are being fed lies and starved of truth.

We declare the river flowing through the hospitals where people are dying without knowing who waits for them on the other side.

We declare the river flowing through the prisons where men and women sit in cells that are less confining than the spiritual prisons they don't know they're in.

We declare the river flowing through the internet.

Through the algorithms. Through the feeds. Through the search results.

Let someone searching for witchcraft find a scroll instead.

Let someone searching for tarot find the Gospel instead.

Let someone searching for a spell find the name of Yeshua instead.

Let the river hijack the algorithm and redirect the traffic toward life.

We declare the river flowing through the entertainment industry.

Through the music. Through the films. Through the art.

Let creatives who are drowning in occult influence suddenly taste clean water and know the difference.

We declare the river flowing through governments.

Through every parliament. Every congress. Every council chamber.

Let one politician taste it and turn. Let one leader drink and repent.

That is all it takes. One crack in the dam and the river does the rest.

He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. — John 7:38 (KJV)

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. — Revelation 22:1 (KJV)

And every thing shall live whither the river cometh. — Ezekiel 47:9 (KJV)

IV. Wake Up the Horizontal Floaters

In the name of Yeshua we speak to the believers who are floating aimlessly.

The ones who are technically saved but spiritually unconscious.

The ones suspended in the air with blank eyes and no direction.

The ones wearing the covering of the blood but living as if they never put it on.

The ones who go to church on Sunday and forget God by Monday.

The ones who know the vocabulary but have never felt the fire.

The ones who are not falling but are not rising.

The ones who are horizontal when they should be vertical.

Wake up.

We do not say this in judgment. We say it in desperation.

Because what is coming requires an army that is conscious.

And half the army is asleep in mid-air.

We declare the breath of God over every sleeping believer.

The same breath that entered the dry bones in Ezekiel 37.

The same breath that filled the room at Pentecost.

The same breath that raised Yeshua from the tomb.

Breathe on them.

Let the blank eyes focus.

Let the floating bodies turn vertical.

Let the sleeping spirit ignite.

Let the dormant gifts activate.

Let the forgotten calling resurface.

Let the quiet conviction that "there must be more than this" become unbearable until they seek the source.

We do not need them to become warriors overnight.

We need them to open their eyes.

The rest will follow.

Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. — Ephesians 5:14 (KJV)

And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. — John 20:22 (KJV)

V. For Revival

We pray for revival Lord.

Not a conference. Not a scheduled event. Not a ticketed experience.

The real thing. The uncontrollable thing.

The thing that starts in a corner nobody is watching and spreads like fire through dry grass.

Revival that empties pubs and fills prayer rooms.

Revival that makes grown men weep in supermarkets for no reason they can explain.

Revival that makes teenagers put down their phones and pick up Bibles.

Revival that makes atheists wake at 3am with a name on their lips they swore they didn't believe in.

Revival that does not need a platform.

Revival that does not need a pastor.

Revival that does not need a worship band.

Revival that needs nothing but the Spirit and a willing vessel.

We declare it starting now.

Not next year. Not next season. Now.

In the small places. The forgotten places. The places nobody is looking at.

In the lives of people who have no followers and no audience.

Let it start where nobody expects it.

Let it spread where nobody can control it.

Let it burn where nobody can extinguish it.

Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee? — Psalm 85:6 (KJV)

And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. — Joel 2:28 (KJV)

VI. Inner Union with Yeshua

In the name of Yesae declare the inner union restored.

Not theology about union. The experience of it.

Not a doctrine. A reality.

Not "Christ in me" as a statement. "Christ in me" as a felt, lived, breathing, burning, constant presence.

We declare the veil over the heart removed.

The veil that makes believers read about Him without feeling Him.

The veil that makes worship feel like performance instead of encounter.

The veil that makes prayer feel like talking to a ceiling instead of talking to a person.

The veil that keeps the knowledge in the head and blocks it from reaching the heart.

Removed.

Not thinned. Not loosened. Removed.

Let the heart see what the mind has been studying.

Let the spirit feel what the theology has been describing.

Let the believer who has known about Him for twenty years finally know Him.

We declare the experience of His presence released to every believer who has been living on information without encounter.

You have read about fire. Now feel it.

You have studied about love. Now receive it.

You have memorised the promises. Now watch them manifest.

You have known His name. Now know His face.

We declare the inner room open.

The secret place. The holy of holies within.

Where it is just you and Him with no noise, no screen, no sermon, no worship leader between you.

Where the veil is gone and the presence is thick and the only sound is His breathing and yours.

We declare every believer reading this invited into that room.

Not someday. Now.

Not after more prayer. Now.

Not after more fasting. Now.

Not after more warfare. Now.

The veil was torn from top to bottom.

It was torn once and it stays torn.

Nothing stands between you and Him except the lie that says something does.

And that lie is cancelled.

But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. — 2 Corinthians 3:18 (KJV)

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. — John 15:4 (KJV)

That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. — Ephesians 3:17-19 (KJV)

VII. Sealed

This scroll is sealed in the name of Yeshua HaMashiach.

Every territorial demon is displaced.

The heaviness is lifted.

The rivers are flowing.

The floaters are waking.

Revival is released.

The veil is removed.

The inner room is open.

The dry bones are standing.

The breath is moving.

The army is forming.

He is not waiting for permission.

He is not waiting for a conference.

He is not waiting for the right conditions.

He is moving.

And nothing stops the river when it breaks the dam.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. — Romans 8:35, 37 (KJV)

In the Name that wakes the dead and moves the river. Yeshua HaMashiach.